

F
29
Pg 13

L. M. Warren.

CENTENNIALS

— OF —

PORTLAND.

1675,

1775,

1875

AND

1975.

BY CHARLES P. ILSLEY.

SOMERVILLE, MASS:

GEORGE B. KING, PUBLISHER & PRINTER,

1876.

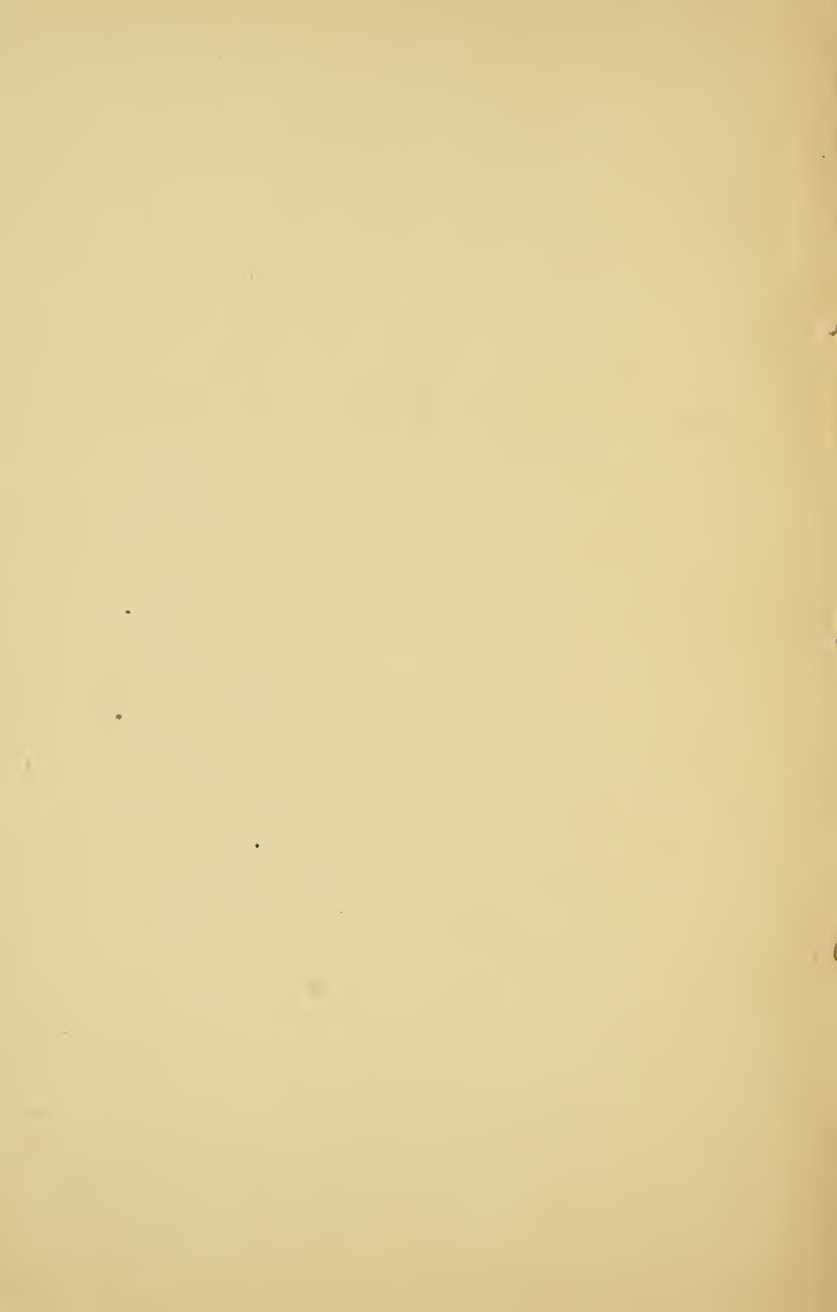


[PRICE 50 CENTS.]



Class F29

Book P9I3



CENTENNIALS
—OF—
PORTLAND.

1675,

1775,

1875

AND

1975.

By CHARLES P. ILSLEY.

SOMERVILLE, MASS :
George B. King, Publisher and Printer.
1876.

F29
P013

91162

06 .

01

PREFACE.

Ms. No. 20710 v. 106

A portion of this work may have fallen under the notice of the reader. A desire having been expressed that it should be presented in a form different from the original, the author has been induced to add to and offer it in its present shape. A glimpse is given of Falmouth in 1675; of its destruction in 1775; of Portland in 1875, and of her supposed appearance in 1975.

As everybody now-a-days is bringing forth Centennial memorials, the author, not to be behind the age, herewith contributes his trifle to the common stock.

TO THE AGED BROTHERHOOD.

To you, my brethren of the olden time,
I dedicate unbid my humble rhyme.
It may be held by some an idle strain —
Will not the theme at least *your* favor gain?
A theme on which we all delight to dwell —
The dear old town we all do love so well!

Heaven's blessing rest upon her and abide!
Bearing her on with ever-swelling tide,
'Till she attain to that exalted height
It shall be said — "The prophet augured right!"

THE VISIONS.

I.

WAS it a vision of the night —
A dream — or gift of second sight?
Slept I or not I wis not well :
This I but know — by some strange spell
It seemed that powers were granted me
Beyond all human potency.

'Twas mine, methought, the veil to raise
That shrouds the future from our gaze ;
To bid the dusky past once more
Its scenes long buried to restore :
What time so e'er I might denote,
Or what event, near or remote,
Before my view distinct and clear
At my volition would appear.

A thought — a wish — vague, undefined,
Flashed meteor-like upon my mind :
As speedy as the glancing thought,
Behold, the miracle was wrought !

II.

1675.

 SCENE of beauty burst in view,
More charming fancy never drew :
Can aught the sense and soul inspire
As nature in her rich attire ?
This was the vision vouchsafed me :—
A point projecting in the sea —
An island erst : a narrow reach
Where tidal currents formed a beach,
Heaping the loose sand grain by grain,
Now linked it to the neighb'ring main. (I.)
Seaward a cliff of rugged rock
Repelled the billows angry shock ;
And verdant slopes stooped to the strand —

The wave-washed glittering yellow sand —
Fringing the hem of earth and sea
With green and gold embroidery.
Rearward in lake-like calmness lay,
Like burnished shield, a lovely bay,
Whose waters kissed the circling shore
With a sweet murmur evermore.
Far off, from out a sea of green,
Forming the frame-work to the scene,
Tall mountains reared their gleaming heights,
That seemed amid the shifting lights
Like huge white clouds: in nearer view
Rose lesser hills of purple hue.
A wilderness of forest crowned
The Neck and all the region round,
Within whose depths from danger free
The wild deer sported fearlessly,
And panther lithe and shaggy bear
In waiting lurked within their lair.
There, too, in painted war-like guise,
With vengeance smouldering in his eyes,
The savage prowled to hurl the blow
Upon the hated pale-faced foe.

III.

TWO hundred years ago there stood
Within the shadow of yon wood
A hamlet bordering on the shore —
Four humble dwellings — only four — (2.)
Whose inmates won by hardy toil
Their needed store from sea and soil.
Few were their wants: in calm content
And simple cheer their lives were spent.
No boding fears their minds infest,
No dreams of ill disturb their rest:
In peace they hail the coming night,
In peace salute the morning light;
With grateful homage join the lay
That ushers in the new-born day,
And with refreshed unburdened heart
Go forth to act their daily part.
Thus smoothly flowed their course of life

Unruffled by the feverish strife,
The dull, corroding, ceaseless care,
The goading want that breeds despair,
The crime, oppression, cruel wrong
That fester mid a city's throng.

IV.

BRIGHT broke the morn, fair and
serene ;

Dove-like peace brooded o'er the scene:

As nature woke from her repose

A grateful orison arose ;

Bush, brake and stream and forest dim

Gave volume to the morning hymn,

The diapason of the sea

Perfecting the grand symphony !

Sudden as bolt from cloudless sky

Deep in the forest rang a cry :

On trembling ears the warning fell,

For ah, that cry was known full-well !
With pallid lip and bated breath
Men heard that signal note of death,
Heard and rushed forth unnerved by fright
And safety sought in instant flight :
Paused not to breast the wild foray
That doomed their household gods a prey
To savage wrath, whose vengeful ire
Destruction wrought by steel and fire.

What need that I the story tell
Of ravaged homes — of carnage fell —
Of captives tortured — exiled long —
All the dark deeds of fiendish wrong ?
Distinct and clear they came in view
As I beheld, upcurling through
The tangled woods, the lurid cloud
That floated o'er them like a shroud.

V.

A MOMENT brief it seemed to me
And faded all this pageantry,
But instantly upon its flight
Another scene burst on my sight :
Yet in the seeming moment's time
Twice fifty years had rung their chime !
Within those years oft was renewed
On this fair scene the bloody feud :
Once and again a hardy band
Sought foothold in the desert land :
Once and again they fled the shore,
Their pathway marked by flame and gore —
Left homes a prey to savage spoil,
Their dead to bleach upon the soil. (3.)

For these dark deeds and fiend-like hate
Do we the red man execrate?
Ah, not to him alone belongs

The stigma of barbaric wrongs.
Look on this scene revealed to me
And mark the *white* man's savagery !

VI.

1775.

I STOOD upon a gentle rise
And gazed around with awed surprise,
For lo, upon my vision broke
A village wrapt in flame and smoke !
Before me surged a billowy sea
Glowing with fierce intensity.
Broad writhing tongues of flame shot high
Lapping with glee the lurid sky,
Kindling anew heaven's murky gloom

As some fresh dwelling met its doom,
Showering the air with fiery spray
As if exulting o'er their prey.

Amid the din distinct o'er all
There came the crash of crumbling wall,
And that deep, sullen, smothered roar,
Like billows beating on the shore,
Which to my weird imaginings
Seemed as the sweep of demon wings.
Of human voice no sound was heard,
But oft the burdened air was stirred
By hostile volleys raining down
Fresh horrors on the stricken town,
Or startling shriek of hissing shell
That in the blazing ruins fell.

Sad scene on that fair autumn day (4.)
Was ancient FALMOUTH, doomed a prey,
A holocaust complete and dire
To caitiff Mowatt's vengeful ire —
MOWATT, a name now linked with scorn,
And will be ages yet unborn,

Who sought, his guilty shame to hide,
A coward's death by suicide. (5.)

VII.

IN measured cadence, full and clear,
Time's warning note strikes on the ear ;
Familiar sound, remembered well,
Pealed from the old First Parish bell —
The OLD FIRST PARISH BELL ! whose chime
From youth has marked the march of time,
Whose tones sonorous, deep and slow,
Bring back the scenes of long ago.

Long, long ago, when good old Parson Smith,
With language quaint in sermons full of pith,
Forced to rebuke yet chary to condemn,
Held weekly forth in OLD JERUSALEM. (6.)
The Old Jerusalem, within whose walls,
Erst summoned by the trumpet's blatant calls, (7.)

The people flocked on Sabba'days to hear
 Their shepherd's voice exhorting or in prayer.

In those old-fashioned days the preacher, fraught
 With ardent zeal, a mighty labor wrought.
 Earnest to win — fired with devotion strong —
 Full oft he strove in prayer near two hours long ; (8.)
 His sermons, too, spun out to such a length
 The good man only ceased for lack of strength.
 In patient frame, from restiveness quite free,
 His flock gave ear to "twelfth" and "thirteenthly,"
 And if at times *would* nod the weary head
 Of his discourse they somehow kept the "thread."
 Thus waited they in grave and reverent mood
 The welcome "finally" and "to conclude."
 The "application" followed — longer far
 (Yet we complain :) than modern sermons are.
 The last word said the hymn is given out,
 Meanwhile the elders noiseless shift about
 To ease the constrained limb, and on their seat
 The youngsters nestling wait the coming treat.
 Straitway, as prelude to the psalmody,
 The pitch-pipe with a flourish sounds the "key,"

When forth a tide of song rolls from the choir
And Tate and Brady's Hymns their souls inspire! (9.)

The "Meeting-house" is gone and left no trace, (10.)
A granite "Church" encumbers now its place;
Gone, too, alas, its tall and tapering steeple
So long the pride and glory of the people:
Yet still the BELL remains, though years five-score
Have passed away since first on Falmouth's shore
Its echoes broke. Ah, has the despot, Time,
Spared *one* who listened to its earliest chime! (11.)

How many a tale its iron tongue might tell
Could it but speak! How many a solemn knell
And merry peal upon it have been rung
Since first within the olden belfry hung!
What strange mutations have ta'en place since then!
Does there a relic of those times remain?
An aged sire, a matron bowed and gray,
Still lives, perchance, memento of that day:
And here and there, unmarked by careless eye,
Some humble edifice we may espy,
Preserved by some strange chance on that dread day
When Falmouth fell to Mowatt's wrath a prey.

One oft we pass, in modern guise now drest, (12.)
Where MARSTON erst with good cheer served his guest,
And where in later days for thirsty lip
KENDALL concocted foaming mugs of flip!
Both famous hosts were they in olden times,
Whose worth should be enbalm'd in nobler rhymes.

Dame Greele's tavern — which one fiery blast
Escaped to fall a prey to flames at last — (13.)
How oft we've heard the old with zest recall
The jovial scenes they shared within its wall;
How oft has been recited in our ear,
In grateful praise, the blithe dame's generous cheer;
The merry jokes — side-splitting tales of mirth,
That circled round her hospitable hearth!
How brisk the call, while waiting for the lunch,
For creamy flip and hot Jamaica punch!
That lunch — the crowning feature of those scenes —
The pot brought nightly forth of rich baked beans! (14.)

The Past — theme ever from our childhood dear!
How oft with loitering step and greedy ear
We've listened to the story fondly told
By hoary age of days and scenes of old —

Have marked the kindling eye, the pleasant smile
That lighted up the wrinkled face the while :
They told of when o'er ground we daily tread
The forest trees their waving branches spread ;
That where our stores their lofty walls uprear
Once browsed the stately moose and timid deer ;
That beasts of prey once made their secret lair
Where now we see the crowded thoroughfare,
And hostile red men furtively did roam
Where multitudes seek now a cherished home.

They spoke of places once of high renown —
Of " Turkey Lane ", the " Court-end " of the town : (15.)
Of King street, then the favorite resort
Where belles and beaux their bravery did sport.
There, business o'er, in gorgeous dress arrayed,
The " quality " would join the promenade.
Coats of light drab with dandies were the " go "—
Embroidered vests with pocket flaps hung low,
Tight buck-skin breeches buckled at the knee,
Cocked hats and powdered wigs you there might see,
These with the ruffled bands and scarlet cloak
Proclaimed the presence of the " gentle folk."

They told how matron grave and flighty belle
 In fashion sought the men-folk to excel.
 Could we behold an ancient lass, they said,
 In dress of royal purple or brocade,
 Her monstrous head-dress towering high in air,
 Her pads and puffs, her jeweled stomacher,
 Her arms set off with finest lace profuse,
 Tripping along upon her high-heeled shoes,
 Encumbered with her awkward farthingale,
 Her train out-streaming like a comet's tail —
 Could we but see her grotesque rig in full,
 Our modern belles we'd cease to ridicule.

They spoke of when, a century past or more,
 The business centred on Purpooduck shore.
 Strange though it seems, an active trade once throve
 At Spring-point Landing and adjoining Cove.
 From foreign ports rich cargoes there were brought ;
 There merchants met and men employment sought ;
 There Court was held — the reason specified,
 Quoth Parson Smith — "*No tavern on this side !*"
 There ladies did their shopping — there the beaux
 Went o'er to flirt and sport their latest clothes ;

There might be seen upon the Sabbath day
 The "quality" in all their fine array,
 Proud dames who moved with more than queenly scorn,
 Their costly satin trains by slaves upborne !

On other themes they dwelt : Fore street of yore
 Was but a cow-path running by the shore,
 And Middle street was bridged, where once Clay
 Cove (16.)

Made nearly up to Turkey Lane above,
 While Congress, erst named Queen, ran through a wood,
 In sooth a perfect sylvan solitude ;
 These three, rough roads at best, with here and there
 A crossing lane, comprised their thoroughfare.
 When Union street was planned some cried it down,
 Because, quoth they, "*'Tis too far out of town !*"
 No well-paved walks abounded in that day,
 Through bogs, on slippery stones, men picked their
 way.

A huckleberry swamp then overspread
 Where Federal street now joins Exchange, whence led
 A brawling brook of formidable flow
 Through ancient Fish street to the tide below. (17.)

Oft would they boast with hearty chuckling glee
Of old-time frolickings and revelry ;
Of parties out to BROAD'S, where, unrestrained,
Good cheer and jollity the whole night reigned ;
Of Freeman's tavern, and the evening dance
In spite of interdicting ordinance ; (18.)
Of sleigh-rides out to RING'S, where days were spent
In one long scene of boisterous merriment. (19.)
" Ah, lad, " quoth they, with shake of " frosty pow, "
" Such jovial times you do not witness now ! "
Thus, garrulous, our old friends would review
The scenes of other days when life was new,
And lured along by memory's magic chain —
Ah, sweet relief — their youth lived o'er again !

Yet oft they sighed, and with a saddened gaze
Would seek some vestige of the olden days,
Some relic slight that haply might restore,
By subtle spell, the cherished past once more.
All vain the search ! where'er their glance might range,
On every object there was written — change !
Change, change ! — walk where they would with faltering
pace
They felt like strangers in their native place !

One place there was — a sad yet pleasant spot —
Whose features time had failed to wholly blot:
The OLD GRAVE YARD, wherein their kindred rest,
Whose mould ere long would lie upon their breast !
And oft as swelled upon the stilly air
The knell of one released from earthly care,
They mused upon the hour when the old Bell
Should toll for them the not unwelcome knell !

VIII.

1875.

“THE good old times” — our fathers’
toast —

Ah ! who can tell us *when* they were ?

The query ask of those who boast,

And each forsooth will prompt declare
The halcyon years, above all blest,
Were long before his day, alack !
And so if you pursue the quest,
Each age will place them farther back.
The good time never *is*, but *was* :
Clouds o'er the present ever lower,
Or there is some disturbing cause
To shroud in gloom the passing hour.

The better day so eager sought
To many in the future lies :
Blessings in hand to them are naught,
The unattained is all they prize.
What we possess we lightly hold :
This goes to prove what Pope expressed —
(The axiom is good though old,)
“Man never is, but to be blest.”

There is a bird, so poets sing,
That ne'er on branch or earth doth light,
But ever with a tireless wing
Continues on its ceaseless flight.

It flits before us, luring on,
But waits not for our fond caress ;
We reach for it— the bird is gone :
So coy is human happiness !
Forever hovering round our way
We seek to grasp the fleeting thing,
And while exulting o'er our prey
It soars away on mocking wing !

How oft it haps in greed of more
Our scanty stock of joys is spent :
Far better hoard our little store
And learn therewith to be content.
Enjoy yourself while yet you may,
For why postpone to future date ?
While shines the sun best make your hay —
Tomorrow, friend, may be too late.
“ Seek not to know tomorrow's doom, ”
So wisely counselled one of yore —
“ That is not ours which is to come,
The present moment's all our store. ”

Procrastination is a thief,

(A greater robber than Boss Tweed,
Who of all scoundrels is the chief,
Though swarms the nation with the breed!)
How many fritter time away
Till youth and all its hopes are flown,
Refraining by unwise delay
To reap the blessings round them strown.
Why rashly scout the present good,
And put aside the proffered cup,
Waiting in vain expectant mood
For something better to "turn up?"
The present is our harvest field;
Put in the sickle with your might!
Pause not for more abundant yield —
Tomorrow there may come a blight.

In this Centennial year we find
That moralizing's all the rage,
And we have "exercised our mind" —
To be in vogue — in counsels sage.
Should any one carp at the strain
And deprecate it as a bore,
The remedy is very plain —

Just skip the proscribed portion o'er !

IX.

PASS now we on. From that dark day
The ancient town in ruins lay ?
A century hath passed away,
And PORTLAND, springing from the pyre,
Yet once again baptized in fire,
Uncrushed by burdens on her laid
Still proudly bears aloft her head,
Still prospers, ay, and still will rise,
Upborne by pluck and enterprise !
'Tis written in the book of fates,
A glorious future on her waits :
No mushroom growth, but solid, sure,
Founded on base that shall endure.
Brave men hath she of stiff back-bone;
Nor yet endowed with that alone,

But gifted with a judgment rare
When to advance and when forbear ;
Who hoard their strength — forswear all
dreams
Of specious speculative schemes ;
Ne'er miss the mark by overhaste,
Yet let not chances run to waste,
But when it comes, as late or soon
Will come the moment opportune,
With promptness the occasion seize
And bend to it their energies ;
Gauging each risk with forethought wise
With trust they wait to win the prize.

A class there is apart from these
Afflicted with a mad disease,
A mania for getting rich,
By fair or foul means — no odds which :
Who, slighting prudence, scorn to wait,
But snatch at ever tempting bait,
Nor give themselves a moment's pause
'Till the sharp hook is in their jaws :
Suspended thus they twist and turn

And all too late their folly learn.
A few perchance — small chance indeed !
By dint of luck or trick succeed,
But where one grasps the golden prize
A thousand fall a sacrifice.
He who succeeds, self-satisfied,
Boasts of his feats with chuckling pride ;
Deems not he played a shameless part,
But dubs his tricks as “shrewd” and “smart;”
Insists with an exulting smile
That timid ones held back the while
He pushed ahead and made his pile.
“It was,” quoth he with swelling form,
“The early bird that caught the worm !”
Alas, poor worm ! — sad fate indeed
A prey so foul a bird to feed !

Stale though the maxim it endures,
The early bird the worm secures.
Ah, foolish grub ! for once be wise
And listen to this plain advice :
If life's to you of any worth
Stick to your holes ! ne'er venture forth

Until the bird has taken flight :
Heed Crockett's rule — be sure all's right,
Then if disposed to have a crawl
Look sharp about you — that is all !

From man to worm we've turned aside,
Yet closely are the two allied —
Connected by fraternal tie
If on the good book we rely ;
For granted what old Job affirms,
We're but a brotherhood of worms.
What love they bear us grave facts prove —
In sooth 'tis a "devouring love !"
Brothers, farewell ! we hasten back
To follow on our prescribed track.

X.

1975.

OULD you behold what I — but stay,
Let me the vision here portray.

Again I stood upon a height,
And lo, outspread before my sight,
Far as my searching gaze could range,
A scene diversified and strange !
A city vast loomed far and wide
Through which there surged a living tide,
While to my ears was borne the strife
And tumult of a busy life.
Broad streets stretched out for unknown
miles,

On each side lined with massive piles;
Granite and marble side by side
In architectural beauty vied.
Unnumbered wains with various wares
Crowded the spacious thoroughfares,
Through which the swarming multitude
In eager haste their way pursued;
The throng, the crash in every part
Denoting plain the busy mart.
At points remote, from traffic free,
The tapering spire sprang gracefully,
And fashioned in proportions fair
Were pillared halls of beauty rare,
Beneath whose swelling roof or dome
Art, science, learning had their home ;
All giving proof of taste refined,
The liberal heart and cultured mind.

XI.

WITHIN my range were other views,
Deeply embowered avenues —
Gardens in lush luxuriant bloom,
Filling the air with rich perfume,
Midst which palatial mansions vied
In garish ostentatious pride.
Held sacred by the “upper ten”
These haunts were barred to common men,
And no one here could footing gain
Unless “blue blood” course in the vein :
For “caste,” as in the present day,
Maintained its old despotic sway,
And bloated wealth, supreme o’er all,
Thrust humble worth unto the wall,
And priggish snobs, in conclave met,

Discoursed with unction of "Our Set,"
While Madame Shoddy tossed her head
And shrank with supercilious dread
From contact with the "vulgar throng"
To which the "common class" belong,
And only yielded those respect
Who vaunting claimed to be "select."

What if my lady, rudely stirred
With thoughts of the ignoble herd,
When next in full communion met
She scans the members of "Our Set,"
And hears the flippant boast "select"
From lips high-toned and circumspect —
What if she then were moved to say,
"What are ye, upstarts of a day?"
What if she challenge free and frank —
"Show me the patent of your rank ;
What right — let truth for once prevail —
Have *you* to grade the social scale?
Tell me, forsooth, by what pretence
Do you insist on precedence?
By what rare grace are you preferred

One step above the common herd ?
You dub yourselves "select" — what claim
Have you unto the sounding name ?
You scorn the "vulgar throng" — ah, me,
What if I trace each pedigree !

"Your grandsire, Madam, plodding soul,
Burrowed in ditches like a mole ;
Yours dragged a cart through dust and wet
Craving a job of each he met ;
Yours toiled in highway or in hedge ;
Yours swung with brawny arm the sledge ;
Yours deftly handled shears and goose,
Watchful of "cabbage" scattered loose ;
Yours won at best but scanty dues
Cobbling dilapidated shoes ;
Yours managed quite a pile to scrape
By peddling needles, thread and tape ;
Yours wielded trowel, axe, or plane
An honest livelihood to gain.

"Your mother's mother o'er a tub
From morn to eve was wont to scrub ;

Yours plied the needle day by day
And stitched her very life away :
Yours taught a school — yours was a nurse —
And yours a drudge or — something worse !
No shamẽ to them they labored sore
To keep the gaunt wolf from the door,
But may it not, mesdames, be true
Good cause have they to blush for you !

“ You, sir, who treat with such proud scorn
All not unto the purple born,
Look on your coat of arms : I hope
Your pride finds there an ample scope —
A razor — strop — and pot of soap !
Your sire was one who scorned to soil
His dainty hands with honest toil ;
For years within an office squat
He at the public crib waxed fat.
Yours was a gambler — ah, it shocks !
I do not mean with cards but stocks —
He did not cheat to win — that’s low —
’Twas only “ cornering,” you know !
Yours was an arrant thief indeed,

And plundered wholesale, *a la* Tweed ;
Yours was a veritable shirk,
Too lazy and too proud to work,
Who but for fortune handed down
Had been a pauper on the town :
Yours wore through life a saintly guise,
With seeming virtues largely dowered,
Long prayers he made with contrite sighs,
And trustful widows homes devoured !
Would'st know how yours acquired a "plum?"
Dealing in brandy — whisky — rum !
That sparkling gem by you so prized,
What is it but — (brought to the test
By conscientious analyst,)
Tears of his victims crystallized ! "

What if my lady thus should speak,
How would the crimson dye each cheek !
How would her hearers fume and fret !
What a commotion in Our Set !

XII.

STRANGE as the scenes disclosed to view
Something there was familiar too,
As in a face unknown oft blend
The lineaments of some dear friend.
Was not that gleaming bay "Back Cove?"
Yet where the well-known Deering grove?
Colossal blocks their shadows flung
Where green boughs waved and wild birds
 sung :
The sylvan solitude had fled
And busy traffic reigned instead.
An esplanade — a regal way —
Skirted the borders of the bay,
Which, deeply dredged from shore to shore,
Upon its ample bosom bore

Huge ocean steamers black and grim,
And swift-keeled clippers sharp and trim,
While circled round the spacious quays
Small craft and large of all degrees.
Old " Tukey's Bridge " had disappeared
And in its place a structure reared,
So fashioned that, whate'er the tide,
The goodly fleet could buoyant ride.
Near to the margin of the cove,
Towering their neighbors far above,
Vast elevators lofty soared
With treasure of the West full stored.
Staunch granite blocks of stately air
Fronted this noble thoroughfare,
Whence streets divergent branched afar,
Resounding with the noise and jar
Which to the wonted ear conveyed
Sure evidence of thrifty trade.

XIII.

FROM other points came fresh surprise,
Still all familiar to my eyes,
Familiar, yet most wondrous all,
Where'er my curious glance might fall.
I note where yonder waters glide
And mingle with the ocean tide,
Bearing with prattling melody
Sebago's tribute to the sea.
There, reared upon its wooded shore,
The Sachem's wigwam stood of yore ; (20.)
Reflected in its mirrored gleam
The pendent boughs bent o'er the stream :
Browsing the neighboring thickets green
The stately antlered moose was seen,
While by its brink the timid deer
Lapped the bright waters void of fear.

The ripple of the current's flow,
The insects' drowsy hum — the low
Sad moaning of the trees,
Just stirred a-top by passing breeze,
The fitful note of some wild bird
Within the forest depths faint heard,
The owl's hoarse hoot, the wood-dove's moan,
The heron's cry afar and lone —
So like a wail ! — at intervals
The muffled murmur of the falls —
Save these was heard no other sound
To break the quietness around.

Thus fair PRESUMPSCOTT'S waters rolled
In primal solitude of old :
Now changed was all. In compact rank
Unnumbered mills line either bank ;
A thronging population pours
Along the once deserted shores,
While everywhere the scene is rife
With evidence of busy life.
No longer with a rippling song
The streamlet idly glides along,

But the vexed waters, erst so free,
Are doomed to servile drudgery
Ere finding rest within the sea !

XIV.

THE landward features well I knew,
As well the seaward aspect too.
Near by fort Gorges' ramparts frown,
As erst the guardians of the town :
And looming yonder Scammel's height,
Girded and bristling for the fight;
And Preble's fortress crouching low,
Grimly in wait for threat'ning foe,
While the Cape shore with bastions crowned
Commands the entrance to the Sound.

There flowed Fore-river as of yore;

Outlying stretched Purpooduck shore,
Shielding with its extended arm,
When tempests rage, the port from harm :
Afar, the "Light" on Portland Head—
Beyond, the ocean's boundless spread.

There, too, in clustering beauty lay
The isles that gem fair Casco bay:
A panorama vast and grand—
Fairer in sooth than fairy land !
Entranced I trace the devious way
Of crystal channels from the bay,
That girt with glittering sweep the isles
Basking in autumn's brilliant smiles.

In sheltered nook and shady grove,
In rocky glen and sunny cove,
Villas and cots in tasty guise
Challenge at once admiring eyes,
And rival palaces contest
To tempt the pleasure-seeking guest.
On chosen spots gay groups are seen

Disporting blithely on the green,
While sun-bronzed children, brimming o'er
With life and glee, troop on the shore,
And laugh and song and merry shout
From cliff and cave ring joyous out.

XV.

 'ER distant woodlands like a plume
Swept the long trail of snow-white
fume,
Tracing in silvery lines the speed
And pathway of the iron steed.
From various points, afar and near,
Was borne unto the listening ear
The deep incessant rumbling jar
Of in-bound or out-going car,
While to and fro in easy sight,

As if engaged in some mad game,
Dashed in a helter-skelter flight
Swart engines breathing smoke and flame,
Shrieking with pandemoniac glee
In their infernal revelry !

XVI.

LL this and more my wondering eyes
Failed not at once to recognize :
But when they turned from scenes afar
And scanned the broad peninsula
That lay extended at my feet,
My growing marvel was complete.
For lo ! the space from shore to shore
With solid blocks was covered o'er :
Warehouse on warehouse multiplied
Throughout its bounds rose side by side.

Upon this Neck I saw no trace
Of tenements for dwelling place,
But in the distance, far apart
From noise and turmoil of the mart,
Thousands of roofs within my ken
Proclaimed at once the homes of men.

No wharves unsightly, as was wont,
Disfigured now the city's front,
But granite quays of massive strength
Adorned each side the harbor's length;
For Portland's bounds extended o'er
The limits of the reverse shore,
And old Purpooduck with just pride
In trade and commerce with her vied.
Far as the vision could explore
Her rising slopes were covered o'er
With structures fair that would, I wis,
Grace well a proud metropolis.
And there were villas by the sea,
Abodes of wealth and luxury,
And neat yet humbler cottages
That spoke of thrift and prosperous ease.

Bridge saw I none in my strange dream,
But unobstructed swept the stream
Around "Clark's Point" and Bramhall's
height,

Whence might be seen a goodly sight —
A throng of shipping dense and vast,
A maze of funnel, spar and mast ;
Huge buildings crowding either shore,
Whence came the deep incessant roar,
The all-pervading undertone
To swarming cities only known.
On either hand, look where I might,
Some new surprise engaged my sight :
In lieu of bridge, beneath the tide
A tunnel vast its need supplied,
And multitudes in safety sped
Beneath the river's oozy bed : —
As ceaseless as the tidal flow
A living current to and fro
Surged far the channel's depths below !

Thus partially have I portrayed
The revelations to me made ;

Sketched to your view a dim outline
Of scenes distinct and clear to mine —
Distinct unto my inner sense —
The PORTLAND OF A CENTURY HENCE !

NOTES.

1. The narrow "causeway" that separates the waters of Back Cove from Fore-river and connects the Neck with the main-land is said to be composed of the debris of the sea, thus giving plausibility to the idea broached in the text.

2. In 1675 there were but four families on the Neck, the present site of Portland—Thomas Brackett, Thaddeus Clark, from whom Clark's Point derived its name, and George and James Munjoy. In September of that year the first Indian war broke out.

3. During the second Indian war, in 1690, Falmouth was entirely depopulated and became, as the historian says, "a thoroughfare for the savage and a resort for beasts of prey." The bodies of the murdered inhabitants were left where they fell, and it was not until 1692 that their bones, "bleaching on the soil," received the rites of sepulture.

4. October 18th. 1775. Two days previously Mowatt arrived at the mouth of the harbor with the Canceau, another ship called the Cat, two schooners and a bomb sloop. The next day the vessels warped up the harbor, forming a line fronting the principal settlement on the Neck. At 9 o'clock on the morning of the 18th the fleet opened on the town, keeping up "a discharge of balls from three to nine pounds weight, bombs, carcasses, shells, grape shot and musket balls, with little cessation until 6 o'clock in the evening. In the meantime parties landed from the vessels and set fire to various buildings." The town soon presented a broad sheet of flame and the principal portion of it was destroyed. The first house fired was one occupied by Mr. Shaw, father of the late Nathaniel Shaw, as a dwelling and saddler shop,

on the site, or that adjoining, of the apothecary store of Dr. Edward Mason. The last house burnt was that of Rev. Mr. Smith, which stood on Congress directly fronting King (India) St. The total number of buildings destroyed was 414. The day after the conflagration a heavy rain set in, which made sad havoc of the furniture and other property that had been snatched from the ruins and piled up in a field opposite the head of High-street.

5. Not long after the destruction of the town Mowatt died suddenly in Hampton Roads, and tradition says by his own hand.

6. The ancient edifice was familiarly known as the "Old Jerusalem." It was commenced in 1739 and the first service held in it was on July 20th, 1740. It remained for a long time in an unfinished state, its western end not being clapboarded until 1756. The original building was quite small and had no steeple, which was raised in 1761. Rev. Thomas Smith was the first regularly ordained minister in Maine east of the town of Wells. He was born in Boston in 1702, entered Harvard College in 1716, and took his first degree in 1720. He visited Falmouth, "then too poor to have a meeting house to preach in," in 1725. He acted, we are told, "in the double capacity of chaplain to the troops stationed here and preacher to the inhabitants." So acceptable were his ministrations he received an unanimous call to become the pastor of the First Parish. After months of deliberation he accepted it, and in March 1727 was duly inducted into the pastoral office. There were but fifty-six families at that time in Falmouth and these were widely scattered — some living on the "Neck," some on Cape Elizabeth, and some at New Casco. Most of them were poor, and, said the pastor, "Some that were soldiers, who had found wives on the place, mean animals."

Mr. Smith sustained his pastoral relations with the parish until the day of his death, May 25th, 1795, a period of over 68 years. He was rigidly Calvinistic in his religious tenets, although in the latter years of his ministry he became

more liberal in his views, inclining to what was styled "Moderate Calvinism." He was a man abounding in wit and humor, which, it is said, were at times "Hardly restrained within clerical rules." He retained throughout his long pastorate the affections of his people to a remarkable degree.

7. Before the era of bells the people were notified of the hour for "meeting" by the firing of a gun, beating of a drum, or blowing of a horn. A long tin horn, which we have dignified by the name of trumpet, was used at the First Parish. At the Second Parish a flag was hoisted to warn the people of "meeting time." A good story is told of the sexton. The Episcopal Church, which was nearly opposite, had a bell but of very small dimensions. One Sunday the sexton of the latter hailed his brother with the derisive query: "Why do you hoist a flag? Why don't you have a bell as we have?" To which the other replied: "I hoist the flag to let the people know your bell is ringing."

8. Long prayers and sermons so much in vogue in the time of our fathers are gladly dispensed with by modern worshippers. Parson Smith prided himself on his "gift" in prayer. In his Journal, under date of April 13th, 1738, he says: "Public Fast. I had extraordinary assistance; was *an hour and a half* in prayer A. M. and above an hour P. M." Sept. 17th, 1741— "I preached P. M. and was *more than two hours* in sermon, preached extempore all the application, had great help." These prayers and sermons must have sorely tested the powers of the preacher, as well as the patience of the people.

9. Music was not neglected by our forefathers. The Church records mention £25 being appropriated to purchase Tate and Brady's Hymns, "With the tunes annexed." Smith says in his Journal, 1785— "We are all in a blaze about singing; all flocking at 5, 10 and 4 o'clock to the meeting house, to a Master hired."

10. The old church was removed in 1825 to give place to the present edifice. The pulling down of the steeple was an exciting event, drawing crowds to witness it. A tackle and fall was attached to it and a long string of men manned the rope, but the steeple refused to budge. Oxen were brought into requisition before the feat was accomplished.

11. An anachronism is here committed. The present, although the oldest in the city, is not the original bell. The original bell was procured in 1758. It weighed 800 pounds and cost in England £100. It was first erected on a frame separate from the building. The procuring of the bell came near producing a split in the Parish, many members "threatened never to come to meeting," says Smith, if the bell was purchased. "It was looked upon probably as an innovation," says Willis, "Or perhaps a conformity to Popish usage, which betokened degeneracy of manners or declension in religion."

12. This was known as the "Old Columbian Tavern," and stood on the site now occupied by Hammond's Block. The house may now be seen on State street, a two storied wooden building, the lowest on the right hand side going down. Mowatt was seized and held a prisoner in the tavern not long before he burned Falmouth.

13. Greele's tavern stood on the corner of Congress and Hampshire streets. It was saved at the burning of Falmouth through the pluck of Dame Greele and a neighbor, Mr. Bagley. At the time of the attack on the town most of the inhabitants fled to other places. Mrs. Greele however heroically remained at home, and when the house took fire, as it did several times, she stood ready with a bucket of water to quench it. That her task was not unaccompanied by danger one incident will show. Mr. Bagley, who assisted her, took off his coat and laid it under a fence. When he went to put it on he found that a small cannon ball had perforated the folds of the garment and about ruined it. The old tavern, modern-

ized, with an additional roof, remained on its original site until the conflagration of 1866, when it was swept away by the flames.

14. In those days it was common for clubs and social parties to meet at taverns. "Mrs Greele's in Back street," says Willis, "was a place of most fashionable resort both for old and young wags, before as well as after the revolution. It was the *Eastcheap* of Portland, and was as famous for *baked beans* as the "Boar's head" was for sack, although we would by no means compare honest Dame Greele with the more celebrated though less deserving hostess of Falstaff and Poins."

15. Turkey Lane extended from King now India, to Hampshire street and forms a portion of Newbury street. We have forgotten, if we ever knew, the origin of its name. As the "quality" had their residence on the lane, and after business hours, were wont to *strut* about in their finery, it may hence have got the name.

16. To those who have taken up their residence in Portland since the laying out of Commercial street Clay Cove is but a myth. Even older residents will find it difficult to realize that the tide waters made up at one time so as to require the bridging of Middle Street near the foot of Hampshire Street. Those of the present generation can form no idea of the appearance of the water front of the city, or indeed of the major portion of it, as it was within the recollection of the writer.

17. Fish street, now Exchange, then only extended to Middle street. When the street was opened to Congress it was called Court street, the Court house on Congress street then directly fronting it. Formerly there was a large pond where Federal and Exchange streets now intersect, which had its outlet through the brook mentioned in the text. The region thereabouts was one vast swamp which abounded in huckleberries.

18. Freeman's tavern stood on the corner of Fish, now Exchange, and Middle streets. The people of the province of Maine were far from being so strait-laced in their notions as the Plymouth folk, still there was a law in Falmouth against dancing in places of public resort. The "quality," as they were styled, occasionally had dancing parties in Freeman's tavern. For this they and their wives were indicted in 1766. Theophilus Bradbury, one of the party, a lawyer of note, got them out of the legal trap under the plea that the room in which the dance took place was hired by private individuals for the season, consequently could no longer be considered a place of public resort, but a private apartment, and that the persons there assembled had a right to meet and dance in their own room. The plea was sustained by the court. Very likely the honorable justices were wont to take part in the dances.

19. Ring's tavern in Scarboro, and Broad's in Stroudwater were famous places of resort in those days. In February 1763 a large party of the gentry with their wives went to Ring's on a frolic. A violent snow storm set in, which so blocked the roads that they were embargoed there for ten days, and ten jollier days mortals never spent, if we may believe the account of them which has been handed down to us.

20. Scitterygusset, or Squidragussett, the name is variously spelt, was a sachem over a tribe on the Presumpscott river—the Aucocisco or Casco Indians. There is a creek bearing his name at the mouth of the river. He was the reputed murderer of Walter Bagnall—"Black Walt" was the name he generally went by. He lived on Richmond Island in 1628, and was the first European settler within the bounds of ancient Falmouth. He was a great rogue and cheated the indians abominably. He was murdered in 1631.

JUN 23 1906

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 013 995 762 3